

# HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

Vol. 3, No. 7, Dec., 1943

Without Interracial Justice

Social Justice Will Fail

New York, N. Y., 5 Cents

## Litany to Our Lady

*Lady, Giver of bread,  
Christ bestowing,  
Give us the Bread of Life!*

*Fallow land for the sowing;  
Darkness over the seed:  
Secrecy for the growing:  
Give us the living Bread.*

*Empty cup for the wine,  
White linen spread  
Without fold for the Feast,  
Give us the Bread of Heaven,  
Yeast and leaven,  
Christ bestowing.  
Give us to eat.  
Give us the bread in the wheat.  
Lady, giver of bread.*

*Full grape in the vine,  
Give us the strong wine  
Poured into the chalice  
And lifted up,*

*Drained cup,  
Give us the broken bread,  
Give us the crust of sorrow  
Hard as rye,  
Christ bestowing.*

*Give us the dark place  
In the rock,  
While the great wind  
Of the spirit is blowing  
And sowing seed.*

*Lady, giver of bread  
Field sown by the wind,  
Snow white on the field,  
Darkness under the snow  
Yield,  
The Bread of Life!  
Wheat, leaven and yeast  
And wine for the Feast  
Give us the Bread of Life  
Lady giver of bread,  
Christ bestowing.*

By CARYLL HOUSELANDER  
Author of "This War is the Passion"

## The Peace of God

By REV. DAMASUS WINZEN, O.S.B.

Whoever expects another blueprint for peace from these lines may stop reading right away. The Christmas-peace is God's peace, not man's peace. And the Peace of God "surpasseth all understanding", as St. Paul says (Phil. 4, 7). Let us forget a moment man's wars and man's peace and let us dive into the depth of the "Peace of God" which is given to us on Christmas. Peace, according to Holy Scripture, is not something which is first created by the goodwill of men. It is God's gift. It is His blessing, integrating the whole of human life and bringing it to an untrammelled and free growth and to abundant maturity. Nobody can ever "make" that peace which is God's blessing. Freely it springs out of the depth of God's heart. There it was conceived from all eternity, hidden from the ages. Now it is going to be revealed. Not during the day when men are busy and noisy. Not as long as they hurry from one sensation to the other. The Church hides away in the little crypt under the church Great St. Mary's in Rome. There we wait for

the quiet stillness of the night, and "while all things are in quiet silence and the night is in the midst of her course, the almighty word of God leaps down from heaven, from His royal throne" (cfr. Innoce of Sunday within the Octave of Christmas). Night is the womb out of which the Peace of God is born into this world. At night Christ rose from the tomb. During night He will come again in His glory. God seems to like the night as the time when He works. At the beginning of all His works He commanded the light to shine out of darkness. The reason is, because man cannot then take God's work for his own work, and that means he cannot take himself for God. God's work, done in the night, remains, once and forever. God's work, a manifestation of God's giving love. So is this beginning of our redemption. The Child is born in the silence of the night. And if it is going to be born in us, it can be born only in the silent night of our heart. As long as we think we know it all, as long as we feel com-

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Vol. 3

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No. 7

**HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS**

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**A MANIFESTO**

**W**HAT a big word for a little paper! Yet we of Friendship House feel that it is a good word. For MANIFESTO means a declaration. In this case, of our stand, belief and goal . . . for which we have been working these six years and hope to continue to do so until the battle is won. Everyone has a right to his Credo, and to "manifest" or express that Credo. Small and poor as we are, we think this is the acceptable time to manifest ours.

**WE BELIEVE:**

in the sublime doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ—for He is the Mystical Vine and we the branches. He the head and we the members.

**WE BELIEVE:**

that the fruit of the Incarnation and the Redemption is the Brotherhood of Man under the Fatherhood of God.

**WE BELIEVE:**

that, in order to save our immortal souls we must love God and our neighbor as ourselves.

**WE BELIEVE:**

that Faith without Works is dead.

**WE BELIEVE:**

that we ARE our brother's keeper and have a PERSONAL responsibility therefore, before God, for the welfare of that Brother in Christ and this embraces all men, irrespective of Race, Nationality or Color . . . for Christ died for ALL mankind.

**WE BELIEVE:**

that all men are born equal before God.

**WE BELIEVE:**

in the Natural and Supernatural dignity of men, as Children of God, created in His likeness and possessing inalienable rights to life, to work, to marriage, to a decent upbringing of his children, and the pursuit of happiness.

**WE BELIEVE:**

that a modicum of material necessities is essential to the practice of virtue.

**WE BELIEVE:**

that the unit of society is the family whose rights pre-cede that of the state.

**WE BELIEVE:**

that a lasting social order and peace will be achieved ONLY by a Christian Social Order based on Christian Social Justice, which includes Interracial Justice.

Because of these beliefs Friendship House is dedicated to actions flowing from them, as well as to the integration of those beliefs into the REALITY OF THEIR LIVING. And of as many Catholics as they can reach through prayer, example, indoctrination, decimation of knowledge in all pertinent phases and all available fashions, as well as through the Corporal and Spiritual Works of Mercy.

BUT . . .

AS LONG AS A NEGRO IN AMERICA HAS TO SUBMIT TO THE UNCHRISTIAN UNDEMOCRATIC LAWS OF JIM CROWISM AND SEGREGATION . . .

*Friendship House has work to do.*

AS LONG AS A NEGRO IN AMERICA CANNOT VOTE . . . *Friendship House has work to do.*

AS LONG AS A NEGRO IN AMERICA HAS TO LIVE IN GHETTO-SLUMS . . . *Friendship House has work to do.*

AS LONG AS A NEGRO IN AMERICA IS REFUSED A BED IN A HOSPITAL BECAUSE OF COLOR . . .

*Friendship House has work to do.*

AS LONG AS A NEGRO IS REFUSED ADMITTANCE TO A GRADE, PAROCHIAL HIGH SCHOOL OR COLLEGE BECAUSE OF COLOR . . . *Friendship House has work to do.*

AS LONG AS A NEGRO IS REFUSED A JOB IN AMERICA BECAUSE OF COLOR . . . *Friendship House has work to do.*

AS LONG AS A NEGRO IN AMERICA IS NOT TREATED AS OUR BROTHER IN CHRIST AND A CHILD OF OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN, NOR GIVEN HIS DUE DIGNITY AS A MAN, AS WELL AS HIS JUST AND DEMOCRATIC RIGHTS . . . *Friendship House has work to do.*

This is our MANIFESTO. This is our creed. It stems from the CREDO of the Most Holy Roman Catholic Church of which we are the obedient children, who have dedicated our lives to the Integration of that Credo into the American stream of life.

Amen

**LIGHTS AND SHADOWS**

By EDDIE DOHERTY

**A** friend of mine writes about her boy in a training school in Texas.

"We are asking all our friends to send our Christmas cards—in case they were sending them to us this year—to our son instead. It seems the boys from the North, especially the kids away from home for the first time, are dreading Christmas amongst cactus and palm trees—without snow or fir trees. Perhaps a deluge of cards might help to some extent."

Of course I shall send the boy a card. Perhaps one glittering with star dust and adorned with a picture of the Chi'd Jesus in the crib and covered with the words of the angels' song—"Peace on earth, good-will to men."

Does it seem ironic that I should send such a card to a boy who is being trained to kill Germans and Japanese? I don't think so. The boy isn't a killer. He never will be. He may kill but only because he has to, because it will be his duty.

**T**HIS boy's name is Barry. He is barely 18. He still smiles his baby smile, and the lock of hair that falls on his forehead is the same you see in a picture taken when he was 18 months old. He's just a nice, clean, sweet American kid, a boy with very high ideals; and he's going to be especially lonely this Christmas, way out there in Texas.

His mother is right. A deluge of cards may help him over the coming holidays. Why is it that holidays, which should be joyous can be more ghastly

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## STAFF REPORTER

by N. J. G.

WELL, we did it . . . here is our enlarged edition—eight pages instead of four—how do you like it? There was a lot of discussion as to whether we would keep to four pages and change to tabloid size, but the majority decided in favor of the same format with which everyone is familiar . . . and which is distinctly Friendship House's own. And as expected, Bessie Martin came through . . . the difference in price is being covered by a friend.

What a friend! We are extremely grateful . . . also grateful to all those who sent in suggestions for material—thanks. Each has been carefully considered. Any readers who would like to submit articles or book reviews? Please send them in by the tenth of the month. That is the deadline for copy.

THE other evening one of our friends dropped into the library for a chat. This woman has four children in our Friendship House Youth Club, the youngest is nine, the oldest fourteen. Three boys and a girl. I was delighted to see Mrs. Hutton—it had been quite a while since she and I had talked together. She leaves at 7 in the morning for her job . . . sometimes, when she has a chance to work overtime and make a little extra, she doesn't get home until 7:30 in the evening. She sews in a defense factory which makes parachutes. Four kids and a very sick mother to take care of . . . rent gas food. Very little left over for clothing . . . and nothing for Christmas gifts.

I asked her to pray that we would get toys for the children for Christmas—and she said yes, she certainly would. For, if there were no presents from Friendship House this year, there would be none at all for her children. And Gracie wants a doll so badly. Gracie is ten. Most little girls of ten like dolls. Gracie "mothers" her brothers . . . but a doll of her very own . . . well, that would be just about heaven!

Gracie is just one little girl of dozens of little girls we know. Mrs. Hutton is just one mother of dozens of mothers we know, who are going to try to have nice Christmas dinners for their families . . . but have no money . . . for a precious doll to cuddle . . . or a needed pair of shoes . . . or candy . . . or toys. I need not add, need I, that Christmas DOES be-

long to the children . . . in most American families, it is **THEIR** day. So, as you shop for your children, your nieces and nephews, **PLEASE** send a toy or a doll to Friendship House so that these children may share in the glorious, wonderful excitement of this holiest of holy days . . . which to childish hearts, and rightly so means also Santa Claus and a stocking filled with presents.

IN the September issue we had bid goodbye to Mabel Knight, who had been with us during the summer. Now, we welcome her back, as a Staff Worker in Harlem. Having lived in Harlem for eight weeks, as a part of Friendship House, she could not erase from her mind—and her heart—the picture of the suffering Christ in the Negro. So back she came last week, to help Him carry His Cross on 135th Street, Harlem.

There are going to be nation-wide drives for old clothing to send to Europe, we understand, and that is a very good thing—for surely it is pitiful to contemplate millions of Europeans without sufficient clothing to withstand the cold, long winter. But, as Americans are still the most prolific of shoppers . . . I KNOW there is enough clothing to continue to help Friendship House clothe the needy who come to us. So, please send us clothing . . . for women, men and children. Our shelves are barren . . . but there are plenty of people who still deserve to be helped. Just ask Belle Bates, who manages our Cure of Ars Clothing Room . . . she has reams of stories to tell about destitution of the most heart-rending kind. If you but knew, dear friends . . . if you but knew how desperately needed your help is.

MERRY Christmas everyone. God bless you all and bring your boys safely home to you. When you kneel before the Crib on Christmas Eve, our prayers will be with you . . . in gratitude for your charity to us . . . in affection and esteem. And as we pray together for "peace on earth to men of good will" let us pray that ALL hearts may be opened to include in these universal, appealing words . . . our Negro brethren, our Jewish brethren . . . our brothers in Christ—everywhere, of every color and nationality, all over the world . . . so that, indeed and truly . . . His will SHALL be done on Earth, as it is in Heaven.

## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

(Continued from page 2)

than any other days? Why is it that Christmas, under some circumstances, can be the most miserable day in a lifetime? And why is it that a card from a friend—at such a time—can lift a spirit out of the depths and make it soar?

There are millions of American boys like Barry—far away from home this Christmas. Kids heartsick with loneliness. Kids eaten with bitterness, perhaps, because they do not fully understand why they are there, and because they know that soon they will go even farther away from all they love—to kill or to be killed.

It is good to remind them of the birthday of Christ.

Oddly enough Christ was far far away from His Father's house on that first Christmas Day. Oddly enough He found Himself among strangers, and even from the first they didn't treat Him any too tenderly. You remember there was no room for Him in the inns.

WHEN He grew up—like many a soldier, He had no place to lay His head; He went where it was His duty to go; He did all the things He was required to do; He sought always the glory of the Father Who sent Him, never His Own glory.

And He died, not hating His enemies but loving them; begging for their forgiveness. He faced His enemies bravely. He accepted death without a murmur—and conquered a world in His death.

Yes, like my friend Barry, Christ was a lonely soldier. And there is no semblance of irony in my sending the boy a card with a picture of Jesus on it, and Joseph and Mary, and the patient shepherds and the radiant band of angels singing of peace on earth.

*This is the first of the monthly contributions that Eddie Doherty will write for this paper, under the heading "Lights and Shadows." Formerly with Liberty Magazine, now reporter on the Chicago Sun, Mr. Doherty is author of "Call and Honey" and "Splendor of Sorrow" (reviewed on page 7) . . . also the husband of the Baroness, Catherine de Hueck.*

—Ass't Ed.



# AROUND THE HOUSE

By ANN HARRIGAN

*"This day Christ was born  
This day the Savior appeared  
This day the angels sang on earth and the archangels rejoiced  
This day the just exult, saying:*

*Glory to God in the highest, alleluia."  
(St. Luke)*

IT IS GOOD to greet you again, as it marks one year since our debut in Friendship House News last December, the month of cold and snow and sleet, but it all makes us happy and warm inside to be with you once more during the fast of Advent and the wonderful feast of Christmas.

Against the background of the uniquely historical Birthday of Christ, our first birthday in Friendship House seems small, yet it was an occasion of great rejoicing on the feast of Blessed Martin, November 5, exactly one year after we had started here in Chicago. All of the staff—Blanche, Ken, Mary Alice, Lillian, Mary, Betty and I—prayed the Mass at St. Elizabeth's, our parish church, and received Our Lord in joy and thanksgiving for this day and this whole year of blessed events. Back to break our fast in our little kitchen at Friendship House, where the odd-shaped closets and boxes and our humble wares took a golden glow from the single blessed candle and lovely yellow chrysanthemums sent by Eddie Doherty. The most beautiful gift of all that day was the exquisite hand-painted booklet from our dear sisters and brothers in Harlem Friendship House, done in Flew's inimitable style, bearing a spiritual bouquet—many masses and Communion offerings for the Chicago House.

On Sunday afternoon, November 7, we held open house for our friends to help us celebrate our first year. Friendship House was shining from top to toe—candles, flowers, food and people—all gathered together to celebrate in our little place, small and humble though it is, but great because of the hearts of people there in love with God. This year, of course, the Casita (children's center) was open, and many who wished us well last year saw the new place this year—the books, the games, the toys, the ping pong table, the juke box, etc.—and wished us well. We thought of our immense debt of gratitude to Bishop Sheil for the many little and big things he has done for us and for bringing closer the day when all of us will meet in Christ. How grateful and happy are we for Bishop Sheil who made so much of this possible! Both White and Colored, we often thank God that there is a man of Bishop Sheil's Christlike courage and vision. Deo Gratias.

Someone on the staff of Friendship House ought to write a sonnet to the volunteers. In lilting language, it should spread the glory of their sacrifice—the little hours and minutes that they bring to Christ . . . the faithfulness of their being at their post in kitchen, library, office, play-room . . . their promptness and punctuality. For they are meticulous with the extreme courtesy of love in the service of God . . . full of immense sacrifice (and I know, for I've been there) of picking themselves up after a long work-day, the edge of their charity not dulled by the ease-beckoning-quiet of armchair, book or friend. They are the big busters of alibis—no mere cold or lack of sleep or big brother in from the armed forces keeps them away. They plug and plod on and, best of all, they don't see how beautiful is their sacrifice in the eyes of the Lord.

(Continued on column 6)

## CASITA CHATTER

By BLANCHE SCHOLES

THERE WAS A soft light through the festive orange and black streamers on all the lamps the night of our Halloween Party and in it could be seen the pumpkins, cats, owls and witches we had been making in arts and crafts, and the lovely garlands of orange leaves sent by the girls of Providence High School. The children sat on the floor in costumes of every description, watching the program or waiting eagerly for a turn at having palms read and fortunes told by Betty Schneider and Mary Keating, looking very colorful in gypsy costume.

The Thursday night drama class gave a play written by Mildred Bolden, their director. Next came a song from Lillian Hearne's singing group and dances by Sylvia and Bernice's Thursday evening dancing class. Of course many of us know that the name, Halloween, comes from Hallowed Eve or Holy Eve of the Feast of All Saints, but we were regaled with Jack Porche's original account of the Christian origin of this occasion which went something like this:

"In the early days, the Christians, as you know, lived in the Catacombs. Something like our new subway. Once a year, the catacombs had to be opened and aired out. The Christians buried their dead down there, and well, you know how dead people are!"

Then there was a hair-raising ghost story told by Ann Harrigan, and after prizes had been awarded for the best costumes, we enjoyed cider and the delicious cake and goodies which had also come from the generous girls at Providence. The party came to a happy close with the beautiful favors these girls had made and filled most bountifully with nuts and candies.

Cub Scouting is in the air and Betty Schneider is busy getting the eager Cubs organized into Dens, with Jack Porche and David Lee acting as Den Chiefs. The boys are starting now to raise money for uniforms and, best of all they are bringing their parents to the Casita, which gives the councilors a chance to get acquainted and talk things over with them.

Again this year Friday nights have been set aside for High School boys and girls, though we are sorry there isn't more time and space to give them. Mary Alice Cralley is in charge of lively sessions of ping pong, checkers, music and pool. There is already the nucleus of a fine group and a hope to see it grow.

Our club has a new name. After much thought and discussion at Monday night club meetings we finally voted to call ourselves the Casita Martinettes. Do you see the connection? Martinettes after the beloved patron, Blessed Martin, whose statue stands in the window, extending warm welcome to his little friends. We also have a new song to the tune of *The Marines' Hymn* and here are the words:

*"Martinettes are we, we're out for fun  
In work, and prayer, and play.  
We love our club room very much,  
We keep it neat and gay.  
In all our crafts and songs and games  
In each activity,  
Martinettes are just the finest bunch  
That you will ever see."*

Advent is almost here and during it we are going to prepare a soft crib for the Baby Jesus for Christmas. For every good act, the boys and girls will put a straw in the crib. We hope it will be soft and inviting for our little King on Christmas. The boys will be working in craft class under Cliff Thomas on small cribs to take home, while the girls hope to dress some dolls.

This happened to Sarah, one of the Catechetical workers from Providence High School. After explaining carefully that each child is guarded by an angel, she asked Jesse Gill, one of the star pupils, what this angel is called. Said Jesse, after much deliberation and fidgeting: "Well miss, we never did get around to naming that guy."

## KIDS COLUMN

THE HALLOWEEN PARTY was a howling success, both literally and figuratively. All the children are eagerly planning for the next one which will probably be a Christmas party. Already we are making the cutest modernistic imitation Christmas trees. Plural, if you please. Blanche Scholes saw them at Hull House and immediately brought the idea to the Casita. They are cute as can be, and we are sure the kids will love making them.

We have just started something new, for us, for the kids. Kenneth Lawer, David Lee, and I are taking the boys over to the South Side Boy Club for swimming one day, and for gym on another day. By next month we hope to have a good basketball team.

—JACK PORCHE

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## COLUMN

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—JACK PORCHE



## HERE & THERE IN CHICAGO

Chicago's new Catholic Labor Alliance is certainly a lusty infant. But, then, it would be with such lights as Father Cantwell, Ed Marciniak and John Yancey to keep it well fed . . . Chicago's trolleys and buses have dropped Jim Crow policy recently . . . Two housing projects in the South Side, though attended with some preliminary skirmishes, are going forward as scheduled . . . Our Father Dan has started to teach us singing on Wednesday. P.S.—There is still quite a difference between us and the Solesmes choir . . . Tena Roseman has started a series of Negro History discussions on Thursday at eight . . . Dutch Cronin has gone to the navy . . . Carl Mc Nerney and Phil Fusco keep us informed of the affairs at Mundelein and St. Meinrad's . . . Glory be, the staff far away from home though they be, were invited to two thanksgiving dinners, showing again how God will not be outdone. . . .

Our Advent Wreath, given us by the Goetzels, before they left for California (why don't you drop us a line?) has four vigil lights, one of which we light each week in Advent, signifying that, as we come closer to Christ, more and more light is shed upon the world and in our souls. We work to make bright the dark and dull corners of our souls so that we can pray with the Preface for Christmas:

"For by the mystery of the Word made flesh the light of Thy glory hath shone anew upon the eyes of our mind: so that while we acknowledge Him as God seen by men, we may be drawn by Him to the love of things unseen."

See one of the next issues of *Friendship House News* on the Chicago page for A LIST OF BOOKS ON INTER-RACIAL SUBJECTS:

## LETTERS FROM OUR FIGHTING VOLUNTEERS

David James, Tuskegee Air Corps, writes:

Catholic Actionists listen to this from a man who has gone through air corps training . . . " . . . a man making excuses. Excuses for anything, even if in the right—This isn't tolerated. There are only three answers: "Yes, Sir;" "No, Sir;" "No excuse, Sir." . . . "I am sending you a photograph of myself (the photograph shows our Dave in cap and goggles, with that glorious smile of his). I'll guarantee it will rid you of even those 43rd Street rodents. Don't put it in any conspicuous place, for it's most effective when it catches them unawares. . . ."

From Corporal Ed Craig, Pyote, Texas:

"It's been a long time since I've written, but your work is very dear to my heart, and I keep well posted on affairs in Chicago House. Friendship House News comes regularly, one of the few bright spots of life here in the desert. This is a Jim Crow camp in the best tradition, a fact that grates upon me constantly. I would give anything to be in a mixed regiment." (Ed is White).

From Private Grant Edwards, Camp Lee, Virginia:

" . . . At the time I came to Friendship House, faith in people, as far as I was concerned, was something that you hear about and never find. I had been hurt so many times, I had built a shell of steel around me that was impregnable. Then you all showed me how wrong I was. I learned that people are good, for I saw it in you first. I saw that there were people who put principle before person. Then, I began to wonder. How many people had I wronged by not being able to give them a chance to show what kind they were? Then, as I read at Compline Saint Francis' prayer for peace, "That I may seek to console rather than to be consoled, to understand rather than be understood," I saw what it was you were getting at. What a real job this is. If I just had someone listen to me while I unload my cares and worries! I try so hard to console and advise these boys—and then go to bed every night so homesick I could walk back to Chicago. . . ."

Corporal Bernard James, Camp Gruber, Oklahoma, says:

"Como Estas? I wish I could have been with you on the anniversary (rain is a good sign for an anniver-

## AROUND THE HOUSE

(Continued from column 1)

For, here in the year of grace, 1943, in America, are bright, young, attractive, people who do something for an ideal. Something for nothing. Much work and often few results. Sowing and not reaping. But who can tell me that the little failures, the discouragements, the hard work, the struggle against feelings, are not the VERY things that make Friendship House grow? The beauty and light that shine from their faces are contagious. Yes, the volunteers are the heroes and heroines of Catholic Action—the Bernards, Kates Marcellas, Marys, the Daves, Bernices, Sylvias, Docs, Cliffs, Jacks, Mildreds, Louises, whom neither the cold, nor sleet, nor —bitterest of all—ridicule of their friends or families, keeps away! Who, indeed, CAN resist the call to suffer persecution for justice's sake, when it comes from Christ Himself. Praise God, they've answered it!

Our Mother's Club has had two sales recently for Friendship House that netted more than \$100.00. Incredible! Needing it as we do, yet we sent some to the Welshes to buy a cow and also started a fund for Laura Elizabeth Adams, author of *Dark Symphony*, who, at present, has hit a tight spot in her affairs. Under Mrs. Bennett's able direction, our mothers are really going about doing good.

sary, say the Andalusians). Last year, I came about October Third as a volunteer and the next Saturday I helped Russ Marshall pull up a few tacks . . . When I came I had far less faith in men than I have now; with far less reason. Remember how cocky I was. I was surfeited with ersatz philosophy and I quoted Bernard —not William James, nor yet Jesse, nor Harry . . . I think I am being alerted for overseas. Many thanks for the books and God keep you.

Needed by . . .

**CHICAGO FH**

309 East 43rd Street

**\$90.00**

**Ping Pong Balls**

**A Pencil Sharpener**

*Thank You!*



## THE BARONESS JOYS IT DOWN

THERE is no doubt about it, I am a little nervous today. And who would not be? For I am writing this column for an EIGHT PAGE PAPER. It just doesn't seem possible! For to me, it was only yesterday that with simple Faith and many complex, human misgivings, we started a tiny two-page mimeographed sheet which we called "Friendship House News". AND LOOK AT IT NOW, IN DECEMBER, 1943! Why that is surely a miracle of God's grace . . . and of the goodness of our many loyal friends.

Speaking of the little Paper and its eight pages . . . Don't you think that a subscription campaign sponsored by its subscribers among their friends, would be a nice idea? The price is still the same. Only fifty cents a year. What a joy it would be to us to have each subscriber send in ten new subscriptions. Boy, oh boy, that would mean that so many more would hear about the sorrowful plight of our Brother in Christ, the Negro . . . and maybe more would do something about it. The problem is so immense, so urgent so important for the conduct of the war, for the winning of a Just, Christian Peace. How about it, subscribers?

FRIENDSHIP House in Chicago was one year old on the Feast Day of Blessed Martin, November the 5th. I was so glad to be present at the first birthday party given in honor of the event, the following Sunday. You should have been there, friends. The library and the Casita fairly glowed and shone with that great luxury of the poor, cleanliness. Good friends had sent flowers that added extra color to the already colorful surroundings. Why, with the rows and rows of books (2000), the black linoleum, the red and blue chairs, the gay pamphlets, the place looked like it felt . . . a Holy Fiesta. From the walls, St. Francis and Bl. Martin looked pleased as Punch at the scene before them.

The gay faces, the constant influx of people, the tables laden through the generosity of many friends, with sandwiches, cakes, cookies, tea and

coffee . . . it was grand. But at the little program at which I had to speak, I almost couldn't . . . because tears of joy were sort of choking me. And my joy was great, and it centered in and on the people who made Friendship House in Chicago what it was that day. A friendly, joyous place, with a smile for everybody. People who gave up good, secure jobs to come and labor for Interracial Justice . . . with their brother the Negro.

I almost wept with that joy, at seeing so many of them—Staff Workers, Volunteers and friends being in love with God. For that is what it takes to work in Friendship House. That is what it means too . . . FALLING DEEPLY, UTTERLY, COMPLETELY IN LOVE WITH GOD. And leading that saintly little band, was our Irish Lass, Ann Harrigan, whom jokingly we call "the bombshell" from Brooklyn, and not from Brazil." And a bombshell she is. Fearless, exploding with love and charity before every injustice done to her brothers in Christ, whomsoever they might be. I salute today Ann Harrigan, Nancy Grenell and all the workers of Friendship House, who have taken my little dream with the grace of God, and their sacrifice and love of Him, have made it come true, in these two great cities of America, New York and Chicago.

ALL through the past years we have been beggars for Christ's sake through these pages. We are going to continue to be beggars . . . how could we stop with all the great needs facing us. But for your convenience, and so as not to inject into almost every article a plea or two, we will from now on concentrate our begging for Christ-in-the-Negro to two boxed spaces. One on the Chicago page, one on the New York page. We ask only because Christ told us that was the way to do. We ask only because your brother and mine is hungry, cold, naked and in prison. Remember . . . your dead hand will only take with it what it has given away. Thank you . . . and HAPPY, HOLY CHRISTMAS TO YOU.



## Wishes

By  
SISTER M. MADELEVA

*The Christmas stars at Bethlehem  
Shone very clear and bright;  
Oh, may they shine with light divine  
For you this Christmas night!*  
*The Christmas winds at Bethlehem  
Folded their wings away;  
May every wind blow gently kind  
For you on Christmas day.*  
*The angel hosts at Bethlehem  
Sang "Peace on earth to men";  
And may their song ring loud and long  
Within your heart again.*  
*The shepherds come to Bethlehem  
Kneel in rapt wondering;  
To Bethlehem, oh, haste with them  
To see the little King!*  
*The holy pair at Bethlehem  
Looked upon them and smiled;  
Would it might be your lot to see  
These blest ones and the Child.*  
*The little Babe at Bethlehem  
Gave them His hand to kiss;  
And oh, I pray your heart today  
May know such joy as this.*

*The Angel said unto the shepherds:  
I bring you tidings of great joy; for  
this day is born unto you the Saviour  
of the world, alleluia.*

from Lauds, for Christmas Day

*The Days were completed for Mary  
that she should bring forth her first-  
born Son. Know ye that the kingdom  
of God is at hand: amen, I say unto  
you, it shall not tarry.*

from Vespers for Christmas Day

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**SPLENDOR OF SORROW**—Eddie Doherty  
Sheed and Ward, 65 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. 1.50

**FEW BOOKS GET** into our lives. At best, for the most part, they get into our libraries.

And now comes Eddie Doherty with a book that has Life, the fragrance of Truth, the warmth of the Trinity. He comes unobtrusively, never gets in the way, like incense before God's altars, like everything holy. He comes with the "Splendor Of Sorrow."

The book will be acclaimed for sheer literary genius by those who read much. By those unable to read much but not unable to love much, by the least of God's little ones who live to love Christ and who love to live Christ, it will, page by page, find shelter with Christ in the obscure chambers of their hearts and souls, as it opens up depths so far known only by God.

Charles Peguy has written so well about our age that doesn't know life. And because it doesn't know life, however strange it may seem, it doesn't know Sleep either, nor Rest, nor Repose, nor Trust, nor Hope. And now we have finished a book that is the fruit of Trust, Hope, Sleep in the Life. For Eddie explains: "I had long been trying to understand some of the mysteries (of the Life) so at night before going to bed I would begin thinking about them. Then I asked Blessed Martin to explain them to me, and he did. Then I asked other saints, and they helped me. So the book grew." Vehicle of Life that it is, this book, it can be safely said, will as it grows in age, appear before God and man as full of Grace and Wisdom.

One after another the saints pilot us to Mary, to the Splendor of her sorrow, to the Fruit of Her Womb.

## BOOK REVIEW

"Draw near," says St. Francis of Assisi, "Be not afraid. Did you not hear Him calling to His Father as confidently as a little child, though He was covered with the slime of centuries? . . . What's stopping you? Two thousand years? Time does not exist for Him. He will be here always, until the end of time, waiting for me to come to Him. Must He wait forever, abandoned . . .?"

May God be thanked: this is a book "for sinners only." O felix culpa! . . . O blessed fall! A blessing to be found among the sinners! Indeed, "blessed are those, like me who wish to cry but cannot; for the tears of the saints are ours to beg—and to offer as our own. . . ."

"Down from heaven they come trooping, light as snow on snow-drifts falling. . . ."

"Friars and monks of all the orders; bishops and cardinals and laymen; popes and peasants; kings and beggars. . . . Some I know but most are strangers. Francis de Sales and Don John Bosco, the Cure D'Ars, with

*Blessed be He that cometh in the name of the Lord: the Lord is God, and He hath shone upon us. This is the Lord's doing: and it is wonderful in our eyes.*

from Gradual, Mass at Dawn

Philomena, Brother Joachim the Trappist, Brother Van, and Brother Andre, leading armies of Yankee warriors. There's Ed Mattingly. There's my father. There are some women I loved dearly. There are my three little sisters, bringing the babies and the children."

"There are virgins, wives, and mothers; queens and courtesans and peasants; girls from factory, shop, and actresses and nuns and nurses. . . ."

But it is on Blessed Martin de Porres that Eddie, "the Blindman", relies particularly to open his eyes to the mystery of joy, of suffering, of joy in suffering, of sorrow, of Mary, of God. Blessed Martin, "the humble Negro and the most marvelous of all the Saints I know"! It is, particularly, Martin who leads him to Our Lady, who talks to him of her, who shows him a thousand splendors. It is Martin who "leads me each night into the Temple of Jerusalem, that I may witness the drama of the presentation, a play so beautiful I never tire of it."

"We watch it, kneeling side by side, sometimes near the great bronze altar with the smoke sacrifice rising from it sometimes by the golden table. . . . Sometimes there is no scenery at all and only the glow of Martin's beautiful black face lights up the scene."

This is not a review strictly. For it is impossible to dissect splendor, simplicity, vision, insight. This is an invitation to read a Book.

REV. DANIEL M. CANTWELL



## THE PEACE OF GOD

(Continued from page 1)

petent to judge before God has judged, as long as we like better to hear ourselves than to listen, the Child, the Peace of God, cannot be born in our hearts. We have to have a sincere and genuine conviction of our nothingness, and that gives God a chance to start something in us. In that way Christ is born in the heart of many a soldier. That is what Holy Scripture means when it says that the Saviour, the King of Peace was sent to preach the glad tidings to the poor (Luke 4, 18). The shepherds on Bethlehem fields were poor, not because they did not possess anything of the riches of this world, but because they were looked down upon as people who did not observe the Law, and the shepherds thought it was allright that people looked down upon them and that they really didn't have anything to be proud of in the eyes of God. Therefore they were chosen as the first to assist at the new worship of God, of which Christmas is the beginning here on earth. It was certainly a new kind of worship. In the past, men used to bring the best they had, the faultless pieces of their herds. The poor did not have too much of a chance in that kind of worship. But at Christmas God gave the best He had. And it was not offered with a great display either. Just a child, and a very poor child, born in a stable, the crib his cradle. That means it was born where men did not have any ambitions to be and to live and to exclude the other one. That is the way it is in the inns. Who comes first and pays best takes the best room and is anxious to have it all by himself. Remember that this whole world became an inn at the moment when the first man wanted it for his own use and did not want it to be God's home, that means God's temple. No wonder that there was no room for the second Adam in the inn, but that he was born in the stable. God's peace did not start in the inn. It is not the place for it. It started outside of man's realm.

There is only one thing where man really enters in this new birth which we celebrate at Christmas the Virgin—Mother. It is significant: man's world seems to disappear and the woman comes forth when the history of our redemption begins. How often had man tried to erase, with his own activity, Adam's fault. Immense

empires were created, immense altars built and the blood of the sacrifices flooded the steps of the sanctuaries. Philosophers and prophets arose to wake mankind. But the kings of Israel had lost their power. The prophets had died out and even Zachary, the priest, lost his speech. That was the moment, the woman started to talk: "Behold, the handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me according to Thy word". These words



are not only the expression of a humble soul.

They give utterance to the deepest essence of this creation, which is not built as a tower of Babel, but as the vessel to receive God's love. And in and through her words Mary set straight what Adam had set crooked. The Peace of God cannot be made. It has to be received. In this spiritual sense there is no Christmas without a mother, and everyone of us has to become a mother that the Child may be born in him. That does not mean we should give up manly energy and determination. Our time is should surpass that strength which in so many cases can turn so easily into despair, and go deeper into the depth of patience. Our time is definitely the time of man. It is evident that it is sick from the lack of patience. Therefore it lacks stability. We are

accustomed to change our mind with every breeze of mood. It is a great art, the art to wait, and if Our Lady had not practiced it we would not be redeemed. We would not have the Child who is God's peace.

Most of the Jews expected the Messiah to come as a great king, in the fullness of maturity. In reality he came as a child. His first coming is not a coming in glory. "This shall be a sign unto you: We shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger" (Luke 2, 12). The babe in the manger is a sign, the sign of which Isaiah, the prophet, spoke to Achaz, king of Juda: "The Lord himself shall give you a sign: Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son." A sign is God's word spoken to those who have faith. The open manifestation of God's glory is judgment. Nobody can speak against it. The sign can be spoken against. That is what Simeon means when he receives the child into his arms and says to Mary, his mother: "Behold, this child is set for the fall and rise again of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be spoken against. Yea a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also, that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed" (Luke 2, 34). The sign of the Child is the sign of God's love. Only love can understand it. Everyone who sees it, has to make a decision, the decision for or against God's love. It repeats on a large, worldwide scale what Salomon, this image of the ruling Lord who comes to judge, did when he was asked to find out who the mother was. He threatened to kill the child, not as if he really intended to kill it, but he wanted to know who was the mother. Only the one who loved could be the mother. The sword which threatened to kill the child revealed the love of the mother. So it is with the sign of Christmas. The child reveals the love in the hearts of men. Those who love understand it. They receive it. They are the men "of good will", to whom the God's peace is given this day.

### Gift Suggestion . . .

#### SPLENDOR OF SORROW

by  
Eddie Doherty

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